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Death.

DEATH, thou seem'st the greatest foe of man,
The bringer of all sorrow, grief and woe;
Thou comest seeds of bitterness to sow.
On all our fondest hopes there's cast a ban;
For one we love has crossed thy fatal span
Between this life and what? We do not know.
'Tis not for us to judge, down here below;
'Tis only known in our great Maker's plan.

But Faith and Hope and God's sweet Charity
All tell us God is merciful and just;
And after Death has cut the thread of life,
A brighter land, a lasting home and free,
We shall enjoy; and now we can but trust
The one we mourn is safe from pain and strife.

ARTHUR W. STACE.

A French-Canadian Poet.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

Though Fréchette's poetic talent is undeniable, his Corinthian columns are wreathed with almost too many flowers, are carved of Canadian snow rather than marble, and tinged with the light of the aurora borealis, cold and bright. Fréchette has never found it necessary to assume an agnostic attitude towards Faith. He is, judging from his poems, a Catholic who is not ashamed of his religion. It is hardly possible, however, that this poet, bred in any of the admirable colleges of the country, of which Sainte-Anne and Nicolet are examples, could ever divorce himself from the influence of that Church which fosters alike patriotism and poetry.

One would have preferred that the brown-

haired maiden in "Fleurs Fanées" should have devoted her heart to God, not after it had lost its illusions, but in its freshness and freedom from loss. In his later poems there are some things more beautiful than this; but in many of them, as in his much-admired "Pensées d'Hiver," the thought is commonplace and diluted, though the treatment is always artistic. "Fleurs Fanées" is by no means the best poem he has written; but it is in his best manner, and it is a fair specimen of the lighter and more lyrical moods of his genius. But, though "Mes Loisirs" is rare, "Pêle-Mêle" and "Les Fleurs Boréales" can easily be obtained. A poet's voice has an inflection that each human heart echoes, and each man had best find it for himself.

This poet, who was baptized Louis-Honoré, was born at Lévis. His father was a contractor, with plenty of "push" and enterprise, but with no poetry in his soul; or, if he had any, he did not let it interfere with business. Achilles, the second son, began life as a poet, but finally settled into the lumber business in Nebraska. The third Fréchette studied medicine. Mr. Darveau,* in a sketch of Fréchette, gives an enthusiastic description of the spot where Louis was born. Lévis took its name from the man who gained the last victory for the French in Canada; history and nature united to mould the young poet's mind. The majestic St. Lawrence and the traditions of the past were always before him; every day he lived in a poem which the inarticulate murmurs of the river and the whispers of the elms breathed to him. *He* could hear them speak; but he could only partially give to the world

"Toutes ses voix sans nom qui font battre le cœur."

At eight years of age he began to write verse,

* *Nos Gens de Lettres*: Montreal: Stevenson, 1873.

and for a time he wavered between war and poetry; but finally, at a period when most boys are thinking of adopting piracy as a healthy and lucrative profession, he determined to be a great poet. Fréchette *père* objected to this, and told him that poets never became rich. Fréchette *fils* wondered why men should want to be rich, if they could always hear the elms and dream of Bayard and Duguesclin; so he went on making his childish rhymes. His father sent him to the Seminary at Quebec, but he still made verses. Some of these verses were bad, but he did not know that; for poets of tender years are quite as ignorant on that point as poets of a larger growth; and it is an ignorance against which time often works in vain.

The teachers at the Seminary found some of the boy's verses to have great merit. Poets are so rare that even when one is caught young his captors doubt his species. These teachers doubted little Fréchette. To try him they bade him transport himself in spirit to the Council of Clermont and be a troubadour; and the boy of twelve obeyed. His poem surprised them, but they doubted yet. Believing that Pegasus may be made to trot in any time, they locked him in a room and commanded him to compose in an hour a poem on the arrival of Mgr. de Laval in Canada. The hour passed; the poor child bit his pen and pushed his fingers through his hair until it stood erect like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Another half hour was granted him. At the end of that time he appeared with the poem; Pegasus *could* trot, after all.

In his childhood and youth Fréchette gave promise of being both a dreamer and a man of action. He would awaken from a reverie over the gold of the sunset to play a trick on anybody. As a young poet he was admired; as a boy he was detested by the quiet and orderly persons who fell in his way. He wanted to be free from the restraints of school-life, and at fifteen a longing for adventure seized him. Casting off the scholarly blue cloak, then, he one day left the seminary and started for Ogdensburg, with the intention of piercing the future by means of telegraphy. But the telegraph office was not congenial. Life was too brief and the art of telegraphing too long. He resigned, and took to the breaking of stones for a living. Soon after this experience we find him back at the seminary contributing some of "Mes Loisirs" to the college paper. Fréchette went from the Seminary at Quebec

to the College of Sainte-Anne, and from thence to Nicolet. He was almost cosmopolitan in his education. At last he reached Laval University, still singing, and probably picking up such crumbs of instruction as suited his taste. By 1858 his poems were maturer and stronger. Tales are still whispered of the pranks of the law-students in Quebec, and often Fréchette's name is mentioned as mixed up in some practical joke of unusual proportions. The Bohemian life of these young Canadians might have given a motive to a Canadian Murger; but it was less sensual and more healthy than that of their brethren of the Latin Quarter. It was buoyant, and free, and reckless, but there was no wormwood in it; it was less like absinthe than sparkling cider. Fréchette often entertained a jolly crew in his garret, and, with Adolphe Lusignan, afterwards known as the editor of *Le Tribune* and *Le Pays*, made the lives of the political candidates, who were too conservative for them, a burden at election times.

In 1864 Fréchette was admitted to practise law in Quebec; divided as he was among politics, poetry and journalism, law received little of his attention. He founded *Le Journal de Lévis*. But whether he was in advance of his time in political matters or not, he filled no "long-felt want," and the paper expired after lingering several months. Disgusted with a country which was so retrograde, he exiled himself. He started, in Chicago, *L'Observateur*. It came out one morning, and then mysteriously disappeared. On an alien soil the poet poured forth his "Voix d'un Exilé." "Never," cries M. Darveau, "did Juvenal scar the faces of the corrupt Romans as did Fréchette lash the shoulders of our wretched politicians." He made a poem full of strong passages, but it is not on record that any of the corrupt politicians blushed. Another journal of his, *L'Amérique*, started in Chicago, had some success. With that placid confidence, so becoming to a poet, he left the paper in charge of a Swiss for a time. This was during the Franco-Prussian war. When he returned he found that he had a paper, but very few subscribers, the treacherous Swiss having altered the policy of *L'Amérique*, during his absence, in favor of Germany. Fréchette was ruined. Being a poet, he reflected that he had light, space and liberty; so, taking his stick in hand, he started for New Orleans. It was at this time that he sang a chant to the Mississippi—the brother of his beloved St. Lawrence. It is not certain that he tramped at all on this journey; for, as he was corre-

spondent for two journals, he was probably passed free; but his admirers prefer to believe the more picturesque story.

The prose writings of Fr  chette are numerous. They have been compared to the letters of Junius and to the prose of Louis Veuillot. They are generally fiery arraignments of somebody that differs from him in politics, and some of his letters are vigorous in style, but utterly without interest to the reader, who does not care to follow the intricacies, past, present, and future, of Canadian politics.

Louis Fr  chette is still a man of the future. He has spent much time in writing dramas and letters which have doubtless had their use. The world at large has reason to be most interested in his poetry. His best poems place him higher on Parnassus by many steps than he stood when "P  le-M  le" appeared; and the French Academy earned the gratitude of all lovers of poetry by bringing to light a poet who deserved recognition from that catholic family long ago.

The Sonnets of Wordsworth and Keats.

ELMER J. MURPHY.

Of the many and various forms of literature, there is none so logical as the sonnet. It is not a mere bit of musical metre; it has such stateliness and melody as are found only in the works of the greatest poets. When educated people become familiar with its dignified character and reasonable arrangement they never fail to admire it. Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, and all great poets, have loved the sonnet. If it were not beautiful, why should these divine artists use it so often? However, the sonnet cannot be understood at a glance. The most careful reading and diligent study are necessary, if we wish to know it well. It is for this reason, I think, that many people "scorn" the sonnet, though Petrarch's reputation rests chiefly upon his sonnets. Cultured people love them.

Near the head of the list of those English writers, who have become famous as sonneteers, we find the names of Wordsworth and Keats. In my opinion, Milton was greater than either of these two; but Milton did not produce a sonnet equal to Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." It is as well known as "Endymion," and is the greatest English sonnet ever written.

Although Wordsworth never wrote a sonnet

so great as that of Keats', he has given us many that are of very high merit. He is not so passionate as Keats. If we closely observe the qualities of these two, we shall find that there is little resemblance between them. Many people regard Wordsworth as the greater; in my opinion, Keats is finer in music and form.

The best sonnet of Keats is "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." Nearly all the qualities of good poetry are prominent in these fourteen lines. We all know the first quatrain:

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

How simply Keats begins! The music is soft; it is only a prelude. In the second quatrain the writer says:

"Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold."

Besides a gradual increase in the melody, we also notice the approach, step by step, to the climax in the last line. Then in the sextette, Keats plunges into the heart of his subject; the music swells louder, and the sonnet ends most impressively with the line—

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

As a sonneteer, Wordsworth's best production is "The Beauties of the Sonnet." I do not think that it, in any way, possesses the merit of the "Homer;" it, nevertheless, deserves great praise. The form is more logical, but the sonnet is not so passionate or poetical as that of Keats. In the first quatrain Wordsworth states the premise, and in the second he illustrates his statement by saying:

"Bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells;"

and in the sextette he draws the conclusion. We do not find the music or the gradual increase of description which characterizes the "Homer." It is, however, very pleasant and earnest, and deserves high rank among the great sonnets of the English language.

Besides these two great sonnets, Keats and Wordsworth have composed others which are also worthy of much praise. They have many good qualities, and compare with the best sonnets of many other writers. Among those of Wordsworth, the best are, in my opinion, "Placid Objects of Contemplation" and a sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge. After the "Homer," the leading ones of Keats are the

"Grasshopper and the Cricket," "On the Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and one written about Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini."

The "Grasshopper and the Cricket" is a good example of the nature of nearly all the sonnets written by Keats. It is sincere; and without sincerity no sonnet can be great. The fields, the woods and the flowers, which we find in it, were always dear to Keats; but, from the "Placid Objects of Contemplation," we see that Wordsworth was of a different character. He was more concerned with subjects taken from the lives of men. Of these two sonnets, Wordsworth's is the better in music, and the more valuable in thought. Keats' sonnet, however, is filled with a sweet dreaminess that is very soothing to the mind of a tired reader.

In Wordsworth's sonnet, composed upon Westminster Bridge, there is a touch of feeling, which, I think, is very nearly inspiration. Written in simple Anglo-Saxon words, and having perfect rhythm, it seems to flow spontaneously from the writer's heart. Keats' sonnet on the "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer does not seem to be so sincere or so simple, although he says in the sextette:

"O what a charm hath white simplicity!"

It seems to be only with a sense of appreciating its beauties that Wordsworth looks on the sleeping city; for he says:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair";
but Keats in his passionate way longs to be in the little copse of which he is writing.

Among the sonnets of Keats, there is one which seems to me to express perfectly the idea of resignation. With the peacefulness of a monk at prayer, Keats says:

"O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine.
O soother sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen ere the poppy throws
Around my head its lulling charities."

And then he ends with the beautiful lines—

"Turn the key deftly in the orbéd wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul."

Wordsworth's "Distant Light" is also very beautiful; but, like this one, it has not the perfect Petrarchan form.

There are other good sonnets among the poems of these two masters; but I have mentioned those which, in my opinion, embodied the characteristics of each writer. The nature of their thoughts, the sort of literature they

loved, and, in fact, their whole character is clearly depicted in their sonnets. Keats, the lover of ancient Greece, in his "Homer," tells us of the poem he loved. Wordsworth has shown us his disposition and his love for the sonnet.

If, like these two poets, any author sincerely, simply, and clearly expresses in the form of a sonnet the thoughts that arise in his heart, he will also be great as were Wordsworth and Keats.

Varsity Verse.

IN AN ALBUM.

Of all the annoying reflections that fate
Makes use of to shatter the poet's delight,
The worst is, perhaps, to recall rather late
The verses which youth once inspired him to write
In an album! U. R. E.

RETRIBUTION.

With slow-paced steps he nears the throne;
His face is grave, he gives a groan;
For well he knows how sad a fate
Awaits him there,—he has of late
Of rules and customs careless grown.

The Prefect, now, will not condone
The great neglect which he has shown;
He then returns in gloomy state
With slow-paced steps.

And now he sits, almost alone,
With all his hopes of pardon flown,
And at a most terrific rate
He writes the long two thousand straight.
But they grow less, it is well known,
With slow-paced steps.

G. F. P.

A FANCY.

In the heart of a flower,
A sunny little bower,
Sat cupid, the boy-god of love.

When a girl of the hour
Passed by, plucked the flower—
And now the young maiden's in love.

E. W.

WHEN ALICE LAUGHS.

When Alice laughs my heart grows gay,
And cares take wing and pass away;
I wander back to former years,
Through manhood's age of smiles and tears,
To happy childhood's cloudless day.

A man, past manhood, turning gray,
And fading as the light of day;
Yet what gay scenes my fancy rears
When Alice laughs!

Ah! would that she might always stay
A little child; for in her play
The vision of my youth appears,
And blasted hopes and vanished fears.
December dons the garb of May
When Alice laughs.

W. P. B.

The Matador's Last Fight.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

Not very many years ago, in company with a party of friends, I spent the summer in the Mexican Sierras, at a place called Saltillo, the capital of Coahuila. The Mexican National Railway, then building, had just been completed to San Luis Potosi, about two hundred miles southwest. The country had not yet been opened up to commerce and the natives had advanced very little from their original condition of semi-civilization. They did not know just what to make of the mighty locomotive and its consorts of elaborate coaches.

The city was one exactly suited to their tastes and customs. The long rows of one-story adobe houses, with their barred windows and massive doors; the narrow, crooked streets, broken every few blocks by a verdant square, with a fountain in its centre; the water-carriers, with yokes on their shoulders and suspended jars—all gave a quaint charm to the old city, which carried one back to the time of Cortez. The people all wore sandals tied on with leathern thongs, and the women had shawls drawn partly over their faces and wrapped around their shoulders.

There were high walls, over the tops of which we could catch glimpses of trees laden with luscious fruits—apples, pears, apricots and bananas. The two-story houses were few and far between. Hotel Thomasichi, at which we were staying, was one of the few. It stood off the corner of the main plaza almost facing the mighty cathedral; for the Mexicans had cathedrals and churches, but no more than they needed.

The hotel was a massive structure of native stone, with paved floors, high ceilings and mighty portals and arches. It was centuries old, having been built and used by the early Franciscans as a monastery. Its narrow balconies of carved stone extended out above the flint-paved streets and commanded an excellent view of the plaza and its surroundings.

My brother and I occupied a room in the front of the building, facing the street. From a side window we could look down into the court of the next building, a typical adobe residence, as far as exterior appearances went; but about the court there was an air of neatness which was unusual.

I was passing by this house one day when I saw a man enter it. His appearance struck me. He had a dark, fearless face, and wore heavy mustachios and a goatee. He presented a great contrast to the common Mexican. His step was light and springy, and the suit of buckskin and homespun that he wore did not hide his handsome form and muscular proportions. Some evenings afterwards I again saw him, and surprised myself at the interest which I took in him. This was on a Wednesday evening; the following Saturday, I was sitting in the shade on the plaza when he passed by, going in the direction of the adobe house. I asked a Mexican, who was sunning himself on a neighboring bench, who and what the man was. He replied that he was Señor Pedro Ramiro, the bull-fighter, and that he was on his way to see his sweetheart Anita.

I then remembered having seen, on several occasions, a young woman of rather handsome appearance accompany an elderly señora from this house down the street to the market, about a block below. This young woman, then, thought I, must be Anita, and the señora, her mother.

About a week later, I had just come from a walk, and was standing at the open window facing the next court, when I heard voices coming from the other side of banana trees which adorned its centre. One, a rich, deep voice bespoke its owner as a man of powerful constitution and mighty chest; the other was the tinkling, musical voice of a señorita. The man was talking; he was telling of what a home he had prepared.

"And," he said, "to-morrow I fight my last bull, and then we will go to my little farm, and my little Anita shall have a home of her own."

Then I heard the señorita's, at first clear and distinct, but as she proceeded it grew more and more confused. It was full of feeling. She was evidently pleading with him.

"Please, don't fight the bull to-morrow, you might get hurt."

"Nonsense!" he replied softly, "I have fought the bull for ten years, and never yet received a scratch; why should I now shrink back on the eve of my final victory?"

"Oh!" she answered, "but you may get hurt; your horse may slip. Please, don't do it. Promise me, dear, that you will not."

His answer I did not hear, and after a few minutes' talking, I saw them go into the house; they were, as I already knew, Señor Ramiro and Anita. About Anita's eyes there was a

trace of tears, and her face wore an air of sadness. I knew that she had been unsuccessful in her efforts to persuade her lover not to fight on the following day.

The next morning after Mass, I strolled down to the market-place, where wrinkled women were crying, "*Dulces*," "*plancia*," and aged men were dishing out *tamales* and *chile con carne*, and with deft fingers removing the thorny skins of prickly pears.

From the market I passed down a side street lined with small booths, where one could buy anything, from a suit of clothing to an ear of corn. At the end of a block the street made a sharp turn, and I suddenly found myself in the midst of a small crowd, which was gazing on a poster just stuck up beside the doorway of a large octagonal building, the bull-ring. The poster stated that on that afternoon Señor Pedro Ramiro would fight his last fight as a matador, and named the hour set for the contest.

Scarcely thinking of what I was doing, I walked up to the ticket-agent's booth, and bought two tickets,—I was going to see that bull-fight, and I knew that I could persuade my brother to accompany me.

At one o'clock—an hour before the appointed time—we found ourselves at the entrance to the ring.

"You are early, señors," said the gate-man, as he showed us our seats in the second row. "The performance does not commence till two o'clock."

"But," I said, "we prefer to be early and avoid the crowd. When do the people begin to arrive?"

"In a few minutes, señor," and he returned to his post.

We sat and watched the people as they came in. Everybody in the town must have decided to come to the fight. There were young men and old men, old women and women of uncertain ages, and brown-skinned maidens in holiday dresses.

A few minutes before two o'clock, Anita and her mother entered. Anita wore a smiling face, from which were banished all traces of fear. She followed her mother with a light step to a seat near where we were sitting. Then the gates of the arena opened and Pedro entered upon a little Mexican horse. He was decked out in scarlet satin, and his saddle and trappings were ornamented with gold and silver filigree. He rode around the circle, bowing to the audience, and stopping before the

governor's party, made a profound courtesy.

Then a door opposite the governor's stall swung open and, with lowered head, the bull dashed into the arena. "El Toro!" "El Toro!" "Bravo, "El Toro!" rang out the cries, as he stopped in the centre and stood, for a moment, still.

The clamor ceased suddenly, as the bull made a rush at the matador; but a quick jerk on his bridle rein, his nimble horse turned to one side, and as the bull went by he swept a short sword from his belt and pricked him with it.

The infuriated animal turned, and with a low bellow made for the matador; but again his nimble horse took him out of danger, and the bull went crashing into the wall. He quickly turned, however, and then followed a series of rushes, of quick turns and rapid retreats, in which the bull more than once felt the sharp point of the matador's blade.

The people cheered and cheered. I glanced at Anita, her eyes were bright, and she was smiling with pleasure. The cheering stopped; everyone held his breath; the matador was riding straight to the savage beast; he held his cloak aloft in his right hand; he was about to blindfold the bull and then despatch him.

The bull advanced to meet him; he jerked his bridle rein, and his horse obeyed with a jump; but one of his hind feet slipped, and down went the horse and rider. The bull gored and trampled them. A quick attendant put a bullet in his heart, but too late; they bore poor Pedro's crushed remains away through the gate by which he had, but a few moments before, made such a triumphant entry. I looked for Anita and her mother, but they were gone. Anita had fainted, said a señora, whom I asked, and had been carried out.

The next day the crowd that had been the matador's last audience crowded the grand cathedral at his funeral. The preacher had concluded his sermon. "Pray for him," he said, "and for those whom he left behind him." An anguished sob made me glance to one side, and I saw Anita; but so changed that I scarcely knew her. The light was gone from her eyes and her face was pinched and drawn with suffering. The ceremonies over, the crowd followed the corpse to its last resting-place; but I returned to the hotel. As I entered it I saw a black-robed figure, with tightly drawn veil, enter the next house. It was Anita, and that was my last glimpse of her.

On Seeing My First Poem in a News-
paper.

Ah! here it is! I'm famous now—
An author and a poet!
It really is in print—ye gods,
How proud I'll be to show it!
And gentle Anna—what a thrill
Will animate her breast
To read these ardent lines and know
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul, here's something strange!
What can the paper mean
By talking of the "graceful brooks
That gander o'er the green?"
And here's a T instead of R,
Which makes it "tippling rill;"
"We'll seek the shad," instead of shade,
And "hell," instead of hill.

"They look so"—what?—I recollect
'Twas "sweet," and then 'twas "kind."
And now to think the stupid fool
For "bland" has printed "blind."
Was ever such provoking work?—
'Tis curious, by the bye,
How anything is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears?"—the T's left out;
"Hast thou no ears?" instead.
"I hope that thou art dear" is put
"I hope that thou art dead."
Whoever saw in such a space
So many blunders crammed?
"Those gentle eyes bedimmed" is spelt,
"Those gentle eyes bedammed."

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame,"
It really is too bad;
And here, because an I is out,
My "lovely maid" is "mad."
"Where are the Muses fed, that thou
Shouldst live so long unsung?"
Thus read my version; here it is,
"Shouldst live so long unhung."

I'll read no more. What shall I do?
I'll never dare to send it.
The paper's scattered far and wide—
'Tis now too late to mend it.
Oh, Fame! thou cheat of human bliss,
Why did I ever write?
I wish my poem had been burnt
Before it saw the light.

I wish I had that editor,
About a half-a-minute,
I'd *bang* him to my heart's content
And with an H begin it.
I'd *jam* his body, eyes and nose
And spell it with a D;
And send him to that *hill* of his—
He spells it with an E.—*Ex.*

Elim the Milesian and Kenric the Saxon

JAMES BARRY.

A few months ago, plunged into the very depths of *ennui*—reading having become a bore and study an impossibility—I happened to meet with Gerald Griffin's "Invasion," of which I had frequently heard mention. To pass a tedious hour, I took up the book; but not before I had debated with myself whether it would produce the same effect as others of which I had wearied. But turning the book upside down, examining the title-page and looking between the leaves would not reveal to me the mysteries within. This thought, combined with the fact that the volume was bound in green cloth, with a harp and shamrocks stamped in gold upon it decided me, and I began to read.

What was meant to be merely an enjoyment turned out to be profitable; and what was begun carelessly eventually evoked an interest. Mere curiosity in regard to the fate of the hero developed into a study of his character, and unconsciously Elim the Milesian aroused my attention. At the discovery of every new trait of his character, the interest increased until his very soul, as it were, was laid bare; and then, the unity, consistency and beauty of the whole stood out strong and admirable.

Deprived of his father in early youth, Elim was devoted entirely to his mother. To her belonged the task of instructing him in the rudiments of his religion. She found him an apt pupil, and a loving one. But his talent in the school-room was eclipsed by his aptitude in the exercise of arms. Nobly born, and destined to be the prince of a powerful sept, it was deemed indispensable that he become perfect in the art of war. Even in his boyhood he had no equal for steadiness and accuracy of aim; his arrows seemed to strike their mark at his bidding. He was the pride of his mother and the glory of his sept. From his childhood he showed a generous nature, and an evenness of temper which won the love of all. Cheerful in manners and tender to the weak, as well as quick in thought, he gave promise of future good government.

When sent to the college at Mungret—then one of the greatest seats of learning—he was grieved by the separation from his mother. By degrees, however, depression gave way to his habitual state of mind. He became sympa-

thetic with the scenes around him and the purpose for which he had come, although he did not know that such a disposition was necessary for the easy acquirement of knowledge. His geniality won him many friends among the students and the monks. He gained an influence over the former that was unconsciously conceded as to a higher power, and on the latter his general good conduct and love of order made a deep and lasting impression.

It was here that he first met Kenric the Saxon, and under circumstances that begot a warm friendship between the boys. The attire of the Saxon was a source of great mirth and derision to the Milesian youth of the college, who, as in our own day, stopped at neither witticisms nor insults to render the "initiation" of the new-comer humiliating for him and amusing for themselves. Conscious of his influence over his fellows, Elim did not hesitate to follow the dictates of his generous heart. His gentle reproofs turned popular sentiment in favor of Kenric. Those who had laughed most scornfully at the Saxon's appearance a moment before came to be the most solicitous for his welfare.

During recreation hours the new-made friends were constant companions, and every meeting increased their mutual love. Both were faithful and diligent in their studies. Elim was the deeper and more persevering. Kenric the lighter and more imaginative. While Kenric learned steadiness of character and regularity of life from the Milesian, the very task of instruction proved for the latter a more powerful incentive to perfection. This desire of mutual advancement carried both to a degree of excellence that was unusual at Mungret. Both were pious, enthusiastic, affectionate. Kenric was easily affected by any sad event. A funeral procession passing by never failed to kindle in his breast an almost effeminate compassion for the friends of the deceased. Indeed, his nature was weak and dependent—an accident for which his mother was much to blame.

The only son of a mother, weak and vain, but still most affectionate, he was fondled and cherished, and shielded from every care. Instead of developing a spirit of independence, he leaned helplessly upon his mother, and she, unconscious of the injury being done to her son by over-indulgence, only fondled him the more. Thus, when other boys of his age were learning how to get along in life, he could be found at home detailing between sobs some fancied

piece of injustice, or begging with endearing epithets for a fairy tale, for the relation of which his mother had some talent.

At length the day arrived when the school-mates parted—Kenric to return to his father's cottage in Northumbria, and Elim to his palace in the fort of the O'Haedha. Years passed before they again met; but absence, in their case, did not produce neglect. Elim was now employed in the affairs of his sept, and therefore had little time for pursuing the studies begun at Mungret. Kenric, on the contrary, drank deeply at the founts of knowledge. He soon gained a national reputation for learning, and procured thereby the honor of accompanying Alcuin to the court of Charlemagne. Here he received many tokens of honor from the hands of the great emperor himself. His success blinded him to the kindness of the Source of all knowledge, and he became conceited, eccentric and fickle. He returned home a changed man; the homely attire with which his mother had supplied him at his departure had been repudiated for the more graceful dress of the court of Charlemagne. Conceit was visible in his speech, his actions and his general conduct. He looked down upon his father and the simple wights of the village; to his mother alone was he the Kenric of his childhood.

A dispute with his father again led him away from home. Conflicting emotions harassed him. The desire to return and receive his parent's pardon was conquered by false pride, and he became a rebel to parental authority. His health gave away to the agitation of his heart, but his conceit was still uppermost. His moments of happiness were few. After years of wandering he returned to his native village, humbled and defeated. His health was broken; he was dying. To his attendant he said: "They warned me, they often warned me, but I followed my own course. I thought them all below me; I am humbled—humbled. So haughty, so secure in my own strength! Webba, if thou ever hast a child to counsel, bid him beware of pride and idle curiosity. . . . Mungret! Mungret! I was happy then!"

Far otherwise was the life of Elim. Ever anxious to lend his ear to the warning voice of wisdom, he attained eminence in the affairs of state. Though he did not reach the glorious end for which he strove—the regeneration of his country—yet he fell not far below the mark. His latter days were made happy by a faithful wife, a smiling family and a loyal sept; but he never forgot the unfortunate friend of his youth.

The Poems of Bret Harte.

THOMAS B. REILLY.

The grasp that American poetry has upon literature is due to the fact that it is true to nature. The poet unconsciously weaves into his work the flavor of the locality in which he lives. He gives us an insight into the manners and customs of the people who surround him. Whittier has given us a picture of life in the New England States. His "Snow-Bound" has been justly called "a genuine New England idyl." It is said "to contain between its covers more of the spirit of the region than any other American book."

In the South we have Father Ryan, whose poems are full of the ardor of the Southern States. James Whitcomb Riley portrays for us in a simple, yet touching style, rural life in Indiana, and our Western brothers are represented by Bret Harte, the poet of the "Golden Gate."

Bret Harte is not a great poet, though some of his pieces are of the highest order of poetry. He portrays, in a delightful manner, life in the mining regions of the West. He sings nature as he finds it. At times he is sad and sympathetic; again gay and humorous. He can write in a style that is high and noble, or simple and plain. As a descriptive writer he has no equal; his word-pictures are almost perfect.

Who, in reading his "Angelus," but could, with ease, picture to himself the rocky coast washed by the wild waves; see the descending sun; aye, even hear the music of the bells? In this poem, the vesper chimes seem to have roused forgotten memories in the poet's mind; he is wafted away on the wings of recollection to the land of the past; for he says:

"Borne on the swell of your long wave receding,
I touch the farther past;
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!"

He is in a mood, and how beautifully does he give expression to the same! The last verse is exquisite:

"Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill."

This poem may justly be compared and classed with Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break."

As an example of his descriptive powers, let us take his "Dickens in Camp." His picture of

a miner's fireside is wonderful; he says:

"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

"The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth."

This poem has always seemed beautiful to me. There is a peculiar sadness in it, which touches the heart and makes one read it again and again. It is a simple story; but told by the poet's pen it becomes a thing of beauty. There is the vision of the camp-fire, surrounded by the rough and brawny men whose interest is centred on the game they play. A youth, the youngest amongst them, reads aloud from "the book, wherein the Master had writ of 'Little Nell.'" The story touches the hearts of the toilers; for they leave their game and, in silence, listen to the tale. So still has the camp become that

"From clustering pine and cedar, a silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with 'Nell' on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way."

But it is not alone by noble themes that Harte claims our admiration; his humor and gayety have made him popular with all classes. "Dow's Flat," "Plain Language from Truthful James," "The Society upon the Stanislaus," have been read and re-read by the public. His humor is fresh and brilliant and, his dialect delightful.

It has been said that Bret Harte, at times, drops into a vein of coarseness; but we may well overlook his few lapses. What writer but has his faults?

It is not given to every poet to sing of noble themes. The songs of some are subjects for the study; of others, for leisure moments by the fireside, and of many for the passing of an idle summer day. The writer who would achieve success must follow nature. Let his theme be bright and gay, pervaded by a glow of humor, and seasoned with a flash of wit. He must so write as to be easily read and understood by the public. He must interpret nature for us; and upon this interpretation depends his success as a writer, or his position as a poet.

ALL one's life is music if one touches the notes rightly and in time.—*Ruskin.*

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—Next Tuesday will be the anniversary of the death of our beloved Founder, Father Sorin. There will be a Requiem High Mass, at which the students will attend in a body, and at which they will, we hope, pray earnestly for the soul of him to whom we owe so much.

—From present indications it is evident that lawn-tennis is growing more popular, and bids soon to be one of the principal amusements of the country. And hence, tennis tournaments are now in order. Why could not the home talent do something towards bringing these into vogue here? A few exhibition games well played would prove interesting and be an agreeable feature on the programme for the next Field Day.

—Those who have not as yet procured tickets for the Lecture Course should do so at once. Each of the lectures scheduled by the committee of arrangement for the present term will, no doubt, be an intellectual treat and a delightful change from the drudgery of book-study. Aside from the pleasure which lectures, as a rule, produce, they serve in a passing hour to acquaint us with that which caused the lecturer hours and weeks of labor and toil. We are glad to notice that the students, as a rule, are availing themselves of the opportunities afforded them in this line.

—Competition for superiority, whether in the mental or physical arena, has a tendency to exercise a wholesome influence upon the combatants: but what would otherwise be an enjoyable spectacle is oftentimes marred by the presence of downright meanness or animosity.

While we do not intend to decry the popular game, football, yet some current newspaper reports force from us the admission that the exhibition of brain and brawn, which should be the only thing displayed, is often replaced by outbursts of temper, positive bitterness, or a predisposition to slugging. Reform, then, cannot come any too soon. Of course, the game is only in its infancy, and it is to be hoped that continual legislation on the part of college athletics will serve to taboo anything likely to bring the game into disrepute.

Apropos to this subject the following lines, quoted by an exchange, may serve as a good motto for the players:

"Who misses or wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

—As announced in a previous issue the Annual Retreat for the students of the University will be opened next Monday night. The Rev. P. J. O'Callahan, the distinguished Paulist, who had the special distinction of lecturing before Harvard Club last year, will conduct the exercises. As the Rev. gentleman delights in addressing young men, the students may rest assured that he will leave nothing undone to make the retreat both pleasing and profitable. While we do not intend to dilate upon the advantages accruing from attendance at the retreat, it may not be amiss to give a summary of reasons that go to prove the importance of making it well.

A retreat is entirely a personal matter. It is an examination of one's standing before God. It is a time when the search light of recollection should be thrown over the past to discern whether we have walked in the paths of virtue; and whether we have done our duty at all times and well. It is a time, too, in which to determine for what state of life we are to fit ourselves, and foresee, as far as possible, the pitfalls of the future from the lessons of the past. The time is short, and therefore should be seriously and well employed. This done, the retreat will mark an epoch long to be remembered in a life.

The College Stage.

All observing persons, and sometimes those who are not thus gifted, find that nothing is harder to overcome than long-established customs. Reform,—a change to suit the tastes, habits or prejudices of a newer generation—may be sadly needed. But those who have fallen into the rut are incapable of understanding this fact; and, with an impatient exclamation of disdain for poor beings outside their horizon, they resume their plodding in the already hard-beaten and barren path. It has been their daily route for generations, and if left to themselves they will probably continue it until the end of time. Newman may find a shorter route, along which the beauties of nature charm the senses, where the grass is green and soft under foot and where weariness is unknown; but Plodder, foot worn and dusty, is blind to the advantages of the agreeable road; for has he not stumbled through the mud and over the stones for years, and did not others do so before him? What more is needed to recommend his course?

But some persons cannot philosophize without wandering from the subject, and getting badly tangled up in the devious ways of their imagination. "Twas ever thus" that wise men came to grief, so we shall keep our overflow of wisdom to ourself as much as possible.

In the style of college entertainments, however, this worn and weather-beaten repetition seems to be very evident. Year after year with never-failing regularity, the student plays which appear are prototypes of one another: that is in their general perspective. It seems rather odd that college men, who are certainly not less enterprising than the general public, should remain satisfied with the howling tragedies and leaden-colored, romantic dramas which have long been forgotten in the midst of the new literature and stage-craft which is continually being created.

With us, particularly, it has come to be a mere matter of form to present a play on stated occasions—Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's Day, etc. The whole thing is gone through with, the parts given out, studied—in a way—and costumed; a certain number of rehearsals are held, at which the actors consider it entirely unnecessary to know their lines, and think their principal duty is to look pretty and say idiotic things meant for jokes. At length the performance is given, and the participants walk

through their parts without either intelligence or animation. Afterward, no doubt, they begin to wonder what all the fuss was about.

The audience is in even a worse condition. The great majority have a pretty good idea of what is in store for them, and they go because it is customary, and because they are expected to be there. To most it is an ordeal. A few enjoy the pleasure of anticipation; but they are the uninitiated, and it is safe to say they will know better the next time. To an actor who has really entered into an interpretation of the play it would be a most discouraging sensation to see a number of his audience engrossed in a newspaper, or chatting with a neighbor, during the most effective lines; but as he usually is not included in such a category it matters very little. Now, what is the cause of this apathy and *ennui* of the audience and the players? It must be the play and its lack of anything to arouse interest or admiration. And why does it not arouse these feelings? Evidently, because there is nothing new or original about it.

These events should not be a mere matter of form, gone through with as the workings of a piece of machinery. The professional manager will certainly not go on giving productions of which the public has disapproved. He studies their desires, and when he finds out what they want, he does not hesitate to give it to them. Those who give college plays, taken as a unit, are in the same position as the manager, and should find what will prove acceptable to their hearers. Then they may expect to receive their reward—applause for their efforts and recognition of their talents. But until something is procured which will induce the actor to throw his energies into its interpretation, to make him, perhaps unconsciously, put forth his latent dramatic sense, and which will lead him to expect satisfactory results, the reward which is his due will not be forthcoming. It should be something original, with an interest of the present and a dash of the nineteenth century. It is not necessary to have the cynicism of Oscar Wilde and Sidney Grundy, or the social problems of Ibsen set before us. Nor must it be confined to any set form—tragedy, serious drama or comedy, so long as it sparkles and has an atmosphere of human interest. The latter-day legitimate comedy, with a distinct undercurrent of seriousness, seems to be the most popular literature of the stage among intelligent people.

Where this most desirable thing is to be

found may at first present some difficulty; but we know that the ingenuity of man knows no bounds, and, as clever men are not lacking, this should not prove a barrier to the undertaking.

The plays which hold the boards are mostly in manuscript and cannot be procured; but there is plenty of available material which could be easily adapted to the requirements of a college stage. And why should not some clever member of our own body exert himself in this direction, and write a short sketch which will merit artistic interest? The University of Pennsylvania and Columbia College produce each year a play or burlesque written by one of their own men, and with a success which also attracts the outside public. It is to be hoped that some individual or college society will take the initiative, and arouse active appreciation of what should be one of the most enjoyable events in our college life.

J. A. M.

Notre Dame vs. Albion.

Last Saturday was a great day in football circles at Notre Dame. Not only was the Varsity team to meet the redoubtable Eleven from Albion, but—Oh! wonder of wonders—there neither was rain, nor snow, nor stress of weather nor any signs thereof. Moreover, the audience was not at all small, and the Executive Committee shook from their countenances the gloom which had for a week been overshadowing them.

Albion came down with a praise-worthy ambition to erase forever last year's defeats; but the fickle deity that rules over football games decreed otherwise. Nevertheless, her men did noble work, and may justly feel proud of it. The whole eleven moved like clock-work in every play: the line-up was rapid and the line itself strong and well trained. They gave our boys the hardest tussle ever seen on our ground. Too much praise cannot be given them for the perfect form in which they showed themselves.

As for Notre Dame—although it is to be regretted that she did not score a victory—the game will do her good. An object-lesson of this kind was needed.

The work of the Varsity men at most points was excellent, and it is the firm opinion of very many spectators that, had not so many of their best players been disabled, victory would have sided with them.

Schmidt, unfortunately, has given up football, but Keough fills his place perfectly. The latter's tackling and breaking through interference was a chief feature of the afternoon. One of the Albion men—the captain—was overheard to exclaim: "By Jove, our interference was nearly impregnable, and I am trying to discover how the deuce that little chap got through. He did, though!"

At the start the visitors seemed to take our men by surprise, and in twenty minutes had pushed them over the line for a touch-down. Capt. Dinkle, who had left his former position as full-back to play end, after some fine work was temporarily disabled.

Just when the chances of preventing our antagonists from crossing the goal line seemed to vanish, Dempsey led the forlorn hope by a magnificent punt. His work was good all through the game until he retired injured at the end of the first half. Barrett also played well considering that he has had very little practice; but he was obliged because of hurts received in a collision to leave the field. Morse at quarter was invaluable. His tackling was loudly cheered.

The seven who kept the line did exceedingly well. Chidester put up his usual strong defense. Anson's work at guard was wonderful, considering his inexperience. Casey, of course, played well. Much comment was elicited from the spectators upon the happy knack possessed by him and Corby, the tackle, of being just where the ball was and always exactly where they were expected to be. They deserve as much credit for their faithful practice as for their work in the game itself.

Mullen as tackle is a beauty. He plays perhaps a little too far out from the guard, but his tackling is excellent. Zeitler was sadly missed at end. Murphy who took his place is a good player, but has not had Zeitler's experience in the game. He did well, nevertheless. When Dinkel retired, Corry, who has played nothing but half this season, succeeded him at end, and did fine work. Rosenthal also, who filled Corby's position a short while toward the close of the game, did as well as his earnest and untiring practice warranted. He is a good player.

It was Studebaker, however, who saved the day. He went in as full-back in the second half, and his very presence made our boys work better. A few scrimmages and a long run, with Studebaker to keep off interference, and we

crossed the goal. Back to the centre, and the ball in Albion's hands, some way or other the runner of the visitors got past our line and had a clear stretch for the goal, when a bundle of dirty canvas hit him and sent him rolling. Studebaker picked himself up a second later. It was one of the finest tackles ever witnessed here, neither was it the only one that he made during the game. Towards the end, Notre Dame's play improved wonderfully, and she was pushing Albion hard within a few yards of the latter's line when time was called.

THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		ALBION
Murphy	Left End	Gill
Corby and Rosenthal	Left Tackle	Cogsball
Anson	Left Guard	Narrin
Chidester	Centre	White
Casey	Right Guard	Jacobs
Mullen	Right Tackle	Landan
Dinkel and Corry	Right End	S. Shipp
Morse	Quarter	McPherson
Keough	L. Half-Back	F. Shipp, C.
Barrett and Corby	R. Half-Back	Maywood
Dempsey and Studebaker	Full-Back	M'Cormick

Umpire, T. D. Mott; Referee, Mr. Dunnoe, Albion; Linesman, T. T. Cavanagh.

FIRST HALF.

Albion took the ball, and kicked 30 yards into Notre Dame's territory. Morse seized it and advanced 5 yards before he was stopped. Keough took the ball 5 yards around the end. Morse advanced 3 and Dempsey 5 yards, when Albion regained the leather. They fumbled it, and lost 10 yards. The end was tried, but without success, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Keough made a slight gain and Dempsey made a magnificent punt for 50 yards. Albion failed to gain, and the ball returned to Notre Dame. Barrett forged ahead for 5, and Keough for 3 yards. The right end was circled by Barrett who gained 7 yards. Albion held the line until the ball was theirs again, and after gaining 13 yards returned it to Notre Dame. Barrett made 4 yards, when Dinkel decided to take a rest. Keough pushed ahead 4 yards, when the ball was again lost.

Capt. Shipp of Albion got through for 10 yards. An 8 and a 10 yard gain around the right end followed. On the 3d down they had five yards to gain, but lost 8 more. Albion took the right end for fifteen yards, but was stopped by Dempsey. The left end yielded them 8 yards more. Shipp was put back 2 yards by Keough. Jacobs, circling the right end, made five yards and was tackled by Capt. Dinkel who was

badly hurt. He retired from the game and was replaced by Corry.

The ball was now with Notre Dame. A succession of small gains amounting to 20 yards followed. The ball was then passed to Dempsey who kicked it against the line and it was lost. When Albion started to play, Anson stopped the first advance; 10, 3½ and 3 yards were then made by Albion. Mullen dashed through the line and stopped the next rush. Corry followed his example, and pushed the ball back three yards when it was within 9 yards of the centre. The ball was fumbled, but McCormick regained it. Albion then took the ball to the centre and left end for small gains. When the right was tried, Keough pushed it back 5 yards. On the 3d down Albion had 6½ yards to gain, which they did, making 18 yards in 3 attempts. The ball was now within 3 yards of Notre Dame's goal, and Landan with a great effort rushed past the left end for the first touch-down. McCormick kicked goal. Score 6 to 0. Dempsey kicked off 18 yards, and Shipp worked 23 yards around the right end. Time up.

SECOND HALF.

Studebaker had now replaced Dempsey as full-back. He kicked off 25 yards. Albion made no gain, and Casey got the ball on a fumble. Barrett, with interference, circled the left end and had reached Albion's 5 yard line when he was tackled. In the struggle he dropped the ball which rolled over the line where Studebaker fell on it, making the first touch-down for Notre Dame. Morse held the ball, and Studebaker made a difficult goal kick. The score was now a tie—6 to 6.

On the kick-off McCormick sent the ball 30 yards. Morse got it and returned 20 yards before he was tackled by Jacobs. Barrett and Keough were then worked incessantly with gains each time. Studebaker and Corby each made 5 yards. At this point Barrett was injured in a scrimmage. Corby took his place at right half and Rosenthal replace Corby in the line.

Albion now had the ball. Captain Shipp started to run with it when he was tackled and thrown by Studebaker. He was badly hurt and was carried from the field. Albion made several gains of between 6 and 10 yards; but their men were tackled each time by Studebaker.

From this time on, the play was fast and hard. Our men had regained their lost spirits, and were playing for blood. Studebaker seemed to be everywhere at once and gave

confidence to all. At one time Albion's left half with his guard came out of the crowd and was making rapid strides toward our goal. A touch-down seemed inevitable; but Studebaker made a phenomenal tackle which saved the game. Notre Dame was steadily forcing her opponents to the wall when time was called, and the game remained a tie. Score, 6 to 6.

Exchanges.

With what satirical good humor the alumnus, who was a daring and successful "horseman" in his day, must view the crusade against "cribbing" on foot at the Northwestern. For him, perhaps, his own dashing steeple chases through the field of the classics may now be a subject for blatant braggardism; but, to the present student at Evanston, they are a matter of serious consideration. Accordingly, under the caption "Cribbing at Other Colleges," the *Northwestern* canvasses the several systems in vogue for putting down fraud in examinations. We are told of the self-government obtaining at Princeton; of the class court at Vanderbilt; and, finally, of the honor pledge at the University of Virginia. But which of these will be adopted by the Northwestern is still left to speculation. There is no doubt, however, that in the college world at large a strong and healthy sentiment is developing against the dishonest practice of "cribbing." For the Northwestern is not alone in her struggle to suppress such dishonesty. The war is even now waging at Amherst, Brown, Williams and Pennsylvania. This augurs well for the student body of to-day. It is, evidently, the out-cropping of a fine sense of honor, and reflects credit upon the institutions in which it is manifested. All we have to say regarding the matter may be put into current college cant thus: Put up your "ponies," boys, and plod! It will be better so. Better for truthfulness and manliness—better for the individual and for *Alma Mater*.

Such effusions as "Buddhism and its Influence," found in the last issue of the *Speculum*, tempt us to wish that some of the students of the Michigan Agricultural College would stick to their plows. It was, indeed, a surprise for us to chance upon this article in a paper whose literary and editorial departments, on the whole, bespeak so much care and intellectuality. It was still more surprising that, in this age of

the omnipresence of books, such an old calumny as that of idolatry should be flung at Catholics. Why, long before the days of iconoclasm, treatise upon treatise had been written to defend Catholicism from this very charge. And even in our own day such books are not wanting. Mr. Matsura, by consulting a few of these, will find the road to Nirvana made much smoother and shorter.

The *Bethany Collegian* is the organ of Bethany College, West Virginia. A monthly of sixteen pages, it is a fairly well conducted college periodical. Will its exchange-editor please inform us why he extends to us the "olive branch?" We know of no hostilities between us that need truce-making. Perhaps he meant the laurel branch. *Quien sabe?*

Personals.

—Hon. John G. Shanklin, the noted orator and brilliant editor of the *Evansville Courier*; Hon. C. W. Wellman, editor of the *Sullivan Democrat*, and candidate for Supreme Court Reporter; Hon. John B. Stoll, editor of the *Daily Times* in our neighboring city of South Bend, and Mr. A. Bickford, of the same place, called on friends at Notre Dame last Sunday.

—Mr. Emile Kleiver, father of John S. Kleiver, a member of the graduating Class in '89, died at Brownsville, Texas, on the 15th of October. Born at Strassburg, Germany, he gave up his allegiance to that country and moved to the United States. Since that time none of the inducements which the Old World could offer, however tempting, could induce him to give up the country of his adoption. We deeply deplore his untimely death, and sincerely hope for the happy repose of his soul. We offer to the bereaved family our deep and heartfelt sympathy and condolence. May he rest in peace!

—The republican convention for the second assembly district was held in Delavan, Wis., a few weeks ago, and nominated Thomas H. Grier, who received the degree of Bachelor of Science here in 1875. While at the University Mr. Grier was a diligent and studious student, very popular with the boys and Faculty. We take pleasure in copying this extract from *The Delavan Enterprise*:

"It is needless for us to say that the choice is a good one. Mr. Grier has a make-up that will tend to make him a good legislator. His educational training has been of the best, and although not an orator, he is able to readily impress his views upon others. He has a keen sense of the fitness of things, which enables him to quickly discern a colored man in the white pile. If any vicious legislation should put up its head, Tom Grier would be among the first to get up and hit it a crack. Of course, he will be elected, so he might as well get measured for his legislative suit."

Local Items.

- Where did you get that bicycle?
- The List of Excellence next week.
- When will indoor-baseball commence?
- On the 21st inst., G. McCarrick's eleven defeated Monahan's Invincibles by a score of 8 to 2.
- Who ran into the lake with his bicycle? Ha! ha!
- Lost—A fur tibet neck scarf. Please, return to Students' Office.
- The Literature class is discussing the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- What's the matter with substituting some other game for basket-ball in the Carroll gym.
- We should no longer say the city of Leghorn, but Limbhorn. The former is vulgar; so says Ray.
- Neither the St. Cecilians nor the Philopatrians held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening.
- The Carrolls have chosen two 1st elevens from which they are to select an anti-Special team. The Specials are waiting patiently for the challenge.
- Bro. Paul took the bicycle club to Niles last Thursday morning. They had dinner there, and returned in the afternoon much pleased with their trip.
- No wonder Hillsdale couldn't make a touch-down. Our heavy weight ran against Science Hall the other day and shook that building from centre to circumference.
- For some time there has been a lull in the water market, but once more the war has broken out among the water commissioners. As a consequence a *wet fall* may be looked for.
- The Crescent Club was called last Saturday evening by the President. The association has a great many members this year, and it is hoped that it will meet the success that it found in the past.
- On the 21st inst., two picked elevens, captained by Cornell and Wallace, respectively, played an interesting game of football on the Carroll campus. It resulted in the defeat of the former by a score of 4 to 0.
- Some of the students remarked that last Saturday's game with Albion was the hottest they ever saw. There is no doubt that it was the best football game ever seen on the home grounds. For brilliant tackles and plays it could not be beaten.
- We often wonder why our athletes do not use the new handball alley more. It's too early in the season for them to repair to cold-weather quarters yet, and nothing is so conducive to brawny arms for our baseball players as daily practice on the alley.

—Considerable dissatisfaction is felt among the students with regard to the manner in which they are treated by the news-agent from South Bend. For several weeks past he has been in the habit of selling all his copies of *The Herald* down town. As a consequence a great many constant readers of *The Herald* feel disappointed and slighted when they find, on his arrival, that he has disposed of all his copies.

—Mr. Morrison, who has been coaching our team for the last two weeks, went up to Hillsdale on Sunday to coach their eleven. Since their defeat two weeks ago Hillsdale has expressed her desire to meet our team on the gridiron once more this season. We have nothing to gain by playing them again since we have already defeated them. We want to play those who have not yet been beaten by us.

—Every morning during the past week, the Captain of the Varsity eleven has had the candidates for the team out running. This is a move in the right direction. What our men want now, more than anything else, is wind, and plenty of it. This could be seen in the game last Saturday with Albion, when several of our team were completely fagged out. It is hoped that when the next game comes off they will be in better condition than they were in the last. The Captain feels satisfied with the interest shown by the men in these runs. Over twenty are out every morning.

—Nearly every day Captain Schmidt of the Varsity baseball team has his men out on the diamond. Judging from present indications our team will be far stronger both in fielding and batting than last year's. Captain Schmidt goes to third and McGinnis will, in all probability, succeed him behind the bat. There is no doubt that he and Stack will make a strong combination. Chassaing will cover second again this year. For the other positions there are a great many candidates; but as yet it is hard to tell who will be the successful ones, since there are so many of the new players are showing up well.

—The Lecture Course for '94-'95 opened last Wednesday evening. The first entertainment of the year was a rare success. For two hours and a half did Messrs. Maro, Battis and McCormick exhibit their powers in prestidigitation, impersonation and whistling; and that they were skilled performers was evidenced by the rapt attention given them by the audience. The entertainment was opened by Mr. Maro in feats of legerdemain. In his repertoire he has many of the common tricks seen in such performances, with a few new ones. The new ones were good. He was not particularly skilful in his manipulations, and betrayed himself once or twice by awkward movements. The impersonations of Mr. Battis were excellent. He rendered a part of his own dramatization of "Nicholas Nickleby" and William Dean Howells' roaring farce, "The Sleeping Car." His

changes from one character to another were easy and graceful, and his voice was loud and clear. Altogether he impressed the audience as an able elocutionist. Of Mr. McCormick's performances in whistling and imitation nothing but what is praiseworthy can be said. His imitations were perfect. The entertainment was abruptly brought to a close by the lateness of the hour.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, has for several years, utilized his spare moments in arranging for the Bishop's Memorial Hall at Notre Dame an Ecclesiastical Genealogical Chart, showing the line of episcopal descent in the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States. On the occasion of his recent visit to Notre Dame, Bishop Maes requested Professor Edwards to assist him in completing the work, and then the good prelate presented the fruit of his researches to be placed in a prominent position in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The chart shows two principal lines of descent, both of which are derived from Rome. One comes through Archbishop Carroll, our first American Bishop who was consecrated in England by Bishop Walmsley, O. S. B.; the latter was consecrated at Rome by Cardinal Lanti, in 1756. The second line received the Apostolical succession from Bishop DuBourg, second Bishop of Louisiana, who was consecrated at Rome by Cardinal Doria Pamphili in 1815. Archbishop Purcell, of the Carroll line through Bishop Flaget and Archbishop Whitfield, and Archbishop P. R. Kenrick of the DuBourg line through Bishop Rosati, each consecrated sixteen bishops, the largest number elevated to the episcopacy by any one American prelate.

—The Columbian Association is very much alive. Neither the war in the Orient, the political situation in New York, nor the prospects of a "practice" game with the Chicago Eleven, engages their attention when once they have entered the sacred portals of their society room. They are there—these latter-day disciples of Demosthenes—to cultivate the latent fire that smoulders in their breasts, and all these subjects are too up-to-date for sustained flights of oratory. Mr. Barry began the exercises of the meeting last Wednesday evening by a reading—one of Hawthorne's sketches, "The Minister's Black Veil." Mr. Barry is a particularly pleasing reader, and the applause he received, when he had finished was but his just due. Mr. Finnerty's rendering of Robert Emmett's last speech was very well received. But the interest of the evening centred in the debate. It was a subject very near to every member—"Are students capable of self-government?"—and the speakers received the closest attention. Mr. Brennan opened for the affirmative with a strong statement of the case from his point of view; but Mr. Brown was just as positive that self-government was an unmitigated evil. Mr. Gilmartin made a spirited

defence of the principle at stake and Mr. Galen closed the debate with a fearful picture of the self-governing student body. The judges were unable to agree upon a decision, and the debate will be continued at the next meeting.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Eyanson, Foley, Gibson, Hudson, Kennedy, Marr, J. Mott, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Powers, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Atherton, Ainsworth, Adler, Alber, Anson, Baird, Brown, Barry, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, Brennan, Brinker, Bennet, Baldwin, W. J. Burke, Barrett, Coleman, Colvin, Cunnea, Corry, Corby, Crane, P. Campbell, Carney, T. Cavanagh, Costello, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Delaney, Davis, Doud, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, A. Flynn, W. Flynn, Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Halligan, Hengen, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Hentges, Hennebry, C. Hanrahan, Jones, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, King, Kinsella, Landa, Lingafelter, E. McCord, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, J. McCord, Medly, McHugh, A. Miller, S. Moore, Mulroney, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, Manchester, H. Miller, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, B. Monahan, A. Monahan, J. S. Moore, Melter, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, O'Connell, Palmer Pulskamp, Piquette, Qurnby, Rowan, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, H. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Salladay, C. Smoger, Stevens, Spalding, Streicher, Schmidt, Sanders, Turner, Tinnin, S. White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Ayer, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, J. Barry, R. Barry, Benz, Cornell, Campau, Clune, Cannell, Connor, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Fultenstein, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, Girsch, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Hutchinson, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrero, Hagerty, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keffe, Konzan, Krug, Kane, Lantry, Langley, Lowrey, Lane, Miles, Morris, Maternes, Miller, Maurer, Monahan, Moran, Monarch, Murray, Minnigerode, McShane, McCarthy, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunket, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Ranch, Roesing, Sachs, Spillard, Speake, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Schaack, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Ward, Wigg, Watterson, Wallace, Zwickel, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Audibert, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Barrett, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole, Corcoran, Cassidy, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Hershey, B. Hesse, R. Hesse, F. Hesse, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, McElroy, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thompson, Thomas, Waite, Welch.